

Love in a Hurry

By GELETT BURGESS
Illustrated by Ray Walters

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CHAPTER I.

At nine o'clock in the morning, punctual to the second, Flodie Fisher unlocked the door marked "Hall Bonistelle, Artist-Photographer," and walked into the office.

The large light room was vacant. Flodie shook her head in sorrowful disappointment at her employer's tardiness, and shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, dear!" she muttered impatiently, "just what I expected." Then, with a shake of her head as one who says, "It must be done!" she walked in and listened outside Hall Bonistelle's bedroom door. For a moment she stood poised, awkwardly graceful—or rather gracefully awkward, perhaps, so quaint, so original was her attitude. She knocked with firmness. The summons was peremptory, yet it had the secret indulgence of a doting mother for her only child. The only answer was a not unmusical baritone growl.

She banged on the door again. This time she really meant it. "Mr. Bonistelle! You must get up immediately—come on now!"

A wait—then the unwilling reply, "All right!"

Flodie walked back to the office, frowning, and sat down at her desk. A leaf from the calendar pad was ripped off, the desk top was dusted with a cloth; then she stopped suddenly. The elevator door had banged.

Almost immediately there entered to her the sad young janitor, Mr. Alfred Smallish. He gave a pathetic hopeless look at Flodie and hung at anchor in the doorway, meekly.

"Morning, Miss Fisher," he said, and grinned.

Flodie gave a glance at him, casually, then gazed with more interest. Pale blue eyes, a large Roman nose, wideopen ears and a quivering mouth had Alfred. His chin was that of a lizard, sloping back weakly to a prominent Adam's apple.

She fumbled over the photographs on the table behind her.

"Alfred," she said in the voice of a school ma'am, "did you see a picture of me I had here on the table the other day?"

He turned fire-red. "You—you didn't want that picture, did you, Miss Fisher?" His eyes implored her wildly, vainly. "Well, I'll bring it back, if you say so; only, I thought, maybe—"

"Well, Alfred Smallish! I like that!" Flodie ejaculated.

"Oh, Miss Fisher—you see, well, I didn't quite dare to ask you, and—well, you know, I thought—it's just grand of you, Miss Fisher—I'd think the world of it, and—couldn't you possibly—"

"That's enough, Alfred! I don't dare to discuss it. You just walk that picture back immediately!" Flodie's voice was sharp, but . . . well, Flodie couldn't help pitying him. She weakened. "Perhaps, I'll give you one, sometime. I'll see."

Mr. Smallish beamed with pleasure, but he had a talent for blunders. "Some folks mightn't think you was pretty, Miss Fisher, but I think—"

Flodie whipped out her watch. "Gracious sakes!" she cried, "where's Mr. Bonistelle's eggs?"

"I'll go down and see if they're ready, Miss Fisher." He turned heavily.

"Well, hurry up, then! If his breakfast isn't here when he comes, he's

liable to eat the tablecloth and go right back to bed. Quick now!"

"Yes'm!" Mr. Smallish left in dejection. Flodie walked swiftly into the studio and knocked again at her employer's door. "Mr. Bonistelle! Are you ready for breakfast?" she called. Flodie's tone had changed; decided as it was, it had softened; it was almost musical. Her face had changed, also. She stood as if awaiting a vision.

Footsteps were heard in Hall's bedroom. Now, there are two kinds of men; those who are shocked even unto mortification by being discovered in the act of shaving, and those who take a malicious delight in their outrageous condition. Hall Bonistelle opened the door and protruded his belated face shamelessly, grinning.

Even disheveled as he was at present, scandalously tousled and bedaubed with soapsuds, his smile was disarming.

Flodie's adoration of him, though of the maternal order, did not lessen her firmness. "Do you realize how much you've got to do today, Mr. Bonistelle?"

"Nothing to do but work," he chanted gaily.

"You have an appointment at ten o'clock—and you know how you always poke over that old breakfast!"

"Speaking of which, wherefore not here?" He joyously chuckled her under the chin.

Flodie loved it but dared not show. "It'll be here by the time you're fit to be seen. You wash that face of yours and hurry up with it, you big baby. You! I've got too much to do myself to talk to you!"

"All right, oh, fair assistant, I must obey!" Hall disappeared and Flodie marched back to the office.

Opening the letter box on the door, she took out a dozen or so envelopes. One set she inspected critically—they were all in feminine handwriting—and then rather unwillingly laid them aside. The others she tore briskly open, each received a keen, shrewd look. They were filed or thrown away.

Little and whimsical and odd, Flodie's appearance had something of the humor of a puppy, the sad wisdom of a monkey. The combination made her face pathetic. Crinkly, colorless hair and hazel eyes had Flodie. Her fine, regular teeth were her best asset, and when she smiled, her main relief from plainness. From her costume, which was careless, to her gestures, which were queer, Flodie Fisher was an original. She had charm and magnetism. Whether she made one laugh or weep, eccentric little Flodie was distinctly lovable.

Mr. Smallish now reappeared with a loaded breakfast tray.

"Put him on that table in the studio," Flodie commanded.

"Have those giddy green garlands come for tonight?" she asked.

"Why, yes, they're out in the hall, Miss Fisher. What time does the party begin?"

"One minute past ten."

"Will there be many here, Miss Fisher?"

"Oh, I don't know, Alfred, about twenty, I suppose—men, ladies and women. Especially women! They don't usually refuse Mr. Bonistelle's studio invitations, I notice! There'll be too many anyway. There won't be half of 'em come till the theaters are over, though. We've invited a squad of actresses."

Alfred stopped, his arms loaded with garlands. "What, real ones?"

"No, only half-ripe, I guess. Not nearly so real as the other women who'll be here, anyway. There are more good actresses off the stage than on, Alfred! It'll be good as a play for me!"

Alfred gazed longingly from the threshold, his eyes afixe. "Say, Miss Fisher, are you going to be dressed up like you was the last time?"

She dropped a fantastic courtesy. "Precisely the same, Alfred; our good old friend Crepe de Chine. Now you

gallop along with those evergreens before your eyes drop out, Mr. Smallish!"

Alfred left, with the love light extinguished.

Flodie went into the studio and pounded at the chamber door again. "Mr. Bonistelle! Hurry up! Your breakfast is awfully impatient. Come along! That old coffee is swearing already!"

Hall opened the door, grinning. "And I suppose those eggs are feeling rotten about it," he offered jauntily. Flodie giggled delightedly and hovered over the table, giving it a few final touches.

Hall Bonistelle was attired in a purple dressing-gown, too evidently the gift of a loving, tasteless female. He showed himself, now, as really handsome, even to that cleft chin which women seem to fancy, and most right-minded men to loathe. On his face was the touch of humor, carelessly joyous, rather than intellectual, and with his "artistic" temperament, it was easy enough to account for his popularity with women, popularity that gave him a spoiled air, was not offensive, and enabled him to do much forbidden to other men. Always excepting poor Flodie, who hugged a precious secret to her breast, women, it might be added, liked rather than loved him. The obvious proof might lie in the fact that, at twenty-seven, Hall had not yet been entangled in a serious affair of the heart. He considered that he knew too much about women to be seduced from his amuse-



Pounded at the Chamber Door Again.

ing occupation of merely studying them.

As to that, if one had asked Flodie, she would have smiled and changed the subject. Least of all, perhaps, if the truth were told, did he know the fond adorer who had voluntarily made herself his slave. He saw and took advantage of her cleverness and zeal; her attractive oddity refreshed him, but to her deep seriousness and the reserves of her temperament he was totally blind.

Flodie sat watching his long, slender hands engaged gracefully with fork and spoon. But, much as she loved to watch him, her conscience made her too uncomfortable. Reluctantly she withdrew her eager eyes.

"Well," she sighed, "now for business!"

She read aloud from the book. "At ten o'clock Mrs. Rena Royaltown—She looked up. "And you won't be half ready! I'll have to entertain her—and you know how I hate that woman!"

"Can you name one woman, Flodie Fisher, whom you do not hate?"

"No, I can't. They're all cats. Cats and rats and hens and snakes and

parrots! But that's no reason for keeping them waiting." Flodie ran her finger down the page. "Let's see—ten-thirty—Miss Daillys. Oh, no, I forgot! You took her yesterday."

"Carolyn's certain a fine girl," Hall murmured dreamily, lighting a cigarette and watching his assistant amusedly.

"Carolyn?" Flodie fairly spit it out. "Since how long?"

"Ever since I neglected to pay my dinner call on her, Flodie. I had to do something to soothe her ruffled feelings—so I began to call her Carolyn. What's the inevitable result? She's invited me for next Wednesday again. People always invite you again if you are rude enough, Flodie."

"You must have been pretty rude to Mrs. Royaltown, then, by the way she runs after you! Why, she fairly clucks like a hen!"

"Oh, Mrs. Royaltown! Ah, there I have another method! She's one of those women you can't possibly insult." Hall smiled with superiority. "Rena's got to be the age, you know, when she prefers to be flattered."

"Don't all women like it?" Flodie demanded.

"No! You're too young, Flodie. You want compliments." Hall was triumphant. "It depends upon how you do it, you know. Rena wants it laid on thick. A woman doesn't demand subtlety. Flodie, after she gets to the thirty-five."

"Thirty-five! Mrs. Royaltown is thirty-eight, if she's a day!"

"By the way, how old are you, Flodie? I forget."

"Me? Why, I'm only twenty-one!"

Hall laughed. "Plus five, makes twenty-six."

"I'm not!" she protested—but it was no use. He laughed at her till she flushed red and sought refuge in a bundle of bills. "There's a 'Please remit' from the Photo-Supply company," she announced, looking up. "What shall I do?"

"Oh, answer 'Necessity forbids!'" Hall shrugged his shoulders.

"Why, Mr. Bonistelle, don't you realize that we've simply got to pay that bill pretty soon, or they won't send us any more stuff? Oh, it's all very well for you to sit there in a red silk dressing gown and laugh and make aristocratic jokes! But I have to take all the kicks, and stand off the collectors!"

Hall applauded gracefully. "Say, Flodie, you've got your war boots on today, haven't you! What's the particular matter?"

"The matter!" Flodie looked down on him as from a mountain. "Where's the rent coming from, I'd like to know? Out of your cigarette smoke? Yes, you can smile and twist that silly mustache all you want, but that won't pay for hypo! Do you imagine we can run this business on epigrams and funny gestures? No, sir! Mr. Bonistelle!"

"—Flodie shook his shoulder—"you've simply got to wake up and make a whole load of money, quick!" He rose and yawned artistically. "Lord, I know it! Think of a Bonistelle having to work for his living! Isn't that grotesque? Why, for all I know, I may be a millionaire this very minute. Fancy, Flodie—a millionaire!"

"Say"—Flodie grew serious. "When are they ever going to find out about that old will, anyway?"

"I wish to heaven I knew! If John B. Bonistelle had been anyone else's uncle, he would have filed his will with his attorneys, and his nephew would be driving a sixty-horsepower car by this time. But being mine, of course he has to hide the confounded document where it won't be found till the estate is settled. I've been on pins and needles ever since he died."

"Well, of course he'll leave you something. You'll get a booby consolation prize, anyway. He can't cut you out entirely!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

No man can ever gain a practical knowledge of the world by pursuing his studies in a rocking chair.

BIG INCREASE OF FARM PRODUCTS

Province of Alberta Shows Increase of Over 20 Millions.

Figures just compiled by the publicity branch of the provincial department show that last year, notwithstanding that quite a third of the province was affected by the drought to a very serious extent, the total value of agricultural products actually produced in the province showed an increase of over twenty million dollars over that of the previous year. Although southern Alberta had a bad year agriculturally, the province as a whole experienced a period of great prosperity, due principally to mixed farming, which is becoming more general with each succeeding year.

The value of mixed farming, in fact, was never better illustrated than last year as the value of the animals slaughtered and sold alone equaled the value of the spring wheat crop, without taking into consideration the value of the butter, milk, cheese, poultry, vegetables, and other by-products of the farm.

Oats was the banner grain crop, 1,147,382 acres being seeded, and producing 34,397,117 bushels, or 30.15 to the acre. Sold at an average of 50c per bushel, these yielded a revenue of \$17,198,558. Comparatively little winter wheat was produced, the yield being a little short of one million bushels, but the spring wheat crop amounted to 15,102,083 bushels, the yield per acre being 15.26. At an average of \$1.35 per bushel, the value of the spring wheat crop was therefore \$20,387,812. The total production of barley was 7,847,640 bushels, which, at 55c per bushel, yielded a revenue of \$4,316,202.

Other productions were as follows: Flax, 207,115 bushels, \$310,672.00; rye, 261,843 bushels, \$196,392.00; speltz, 42,707 bushels, \$32,030.00; hay, 200,000 tons, \$2,500,000; potatoes, four million bushels, \$3,000,000; turnips, three million bushels, \$750,000; carrots, 360,000 bushels, \$180,000; mangolds, 640,000 bushels, \$320,000; animals slaughtered and sold, \$20,000,000; butter and cheese, \$1,500,000; milk, \$3,000,000; wool clip, 1,300,000 pounds, \$100,000; fish \$195,000; game and furs, \$600,000; horticultural products, \$150,000; poultry and products, \$2,650,000.

The total of the agricultural products is given as \$78,516,891, as compared with \$58,098,084 in 1913.

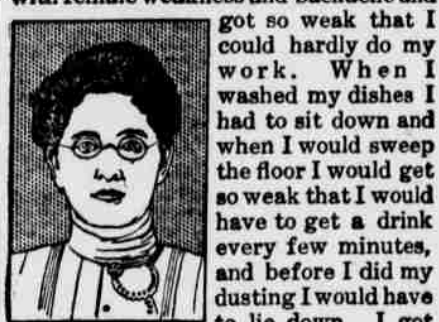
The statistics also show that the value of live stock in the province at the end of the year was \$110,044,630, this being an increase of \$7,762,845 over the previous year. There were 609,125 horses, 750,789 swine, 501,188 sheep, 192,905 dairy cows, 165,035 other cows, 190,923 beef cattle and 533,020 other cattle.—Advertisement

Australia's gold output is decreasing yearly.

COULD NOT STAND ON FEET

Mrs. Baker So Weak—Could Not Do Her Work—Found Relief In Novel Way.

Adrian, Mich. — "I suffered terribly with female weakness and backache and got so weak that I could hardly do my work. When I washed my dishes I had to sit down and when I would sweep the floor I would get so weak that I would have to get a drink every few minutes, and before I did my dusting I would have to lie down. I got



so poorly that my folks thought I was going into consumption. One day I found a piece of paper blowing around the yard and I picked it up and read it. It said 'Saved from the Grave,' and told what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for women. I showed it to my husband and he said, 'Why don't you try it?' So I did, and after I had taken two bottles I felt better and I said to my husband, 'I don't need any more,' and he said 'You had better take it a little longer anyway.' So I took it for three months and got well and strong." — Mrs. ALONZO E. BAKER, 9 Tecumseh St., Adrian, Mich.

Not Well Enough to Work.

In these words is hidden the tragedy of many a woman, housekeeper or wage earner who supports herself and is often helping to support a family, on meagre wages. Whether in house, office, factory, shop, store or kitchen, woman should remember that there is one tried and true remedy for the ills to which all women are prone, and that is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It promotes that vigor which makes work easy. The Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

JAPANESE INNS ARE QUEER

Guests Must Leave Their Footwear in the Vestibule When Going to Their Rooms.

The entrance to native inns in Japan is most always a roofed vestibule with a well-trodden earthen floor backed by a raised platform about twenty inches high, forming at once a seat and the outer extension of the first floor.

A scattered line of shoes, sandals and geta belonging to the guests usually lie along it, and at one side is a cupboard where umbrellas and footgear are deposited. A big drop octagonal clock on the wall, a low desk, a hibachi and a pile of cushions generally complete the office equipment.

The traveler's jinrikai customarily deposits him in the vestibule, at the edge of the platform, beneath the overhang of the roof. Shouts of "O Kvaku san" (honorable visitors) apprise the masters and the maids that a guest is arriving, and all hurry forward to receive him, uttering cries of welcome and bowing glossy black heads to the floor.

As the traveler sits on the platform a servant removes his shoes and others divest him of his wraps. Shoes are seldom cleaned, and if they be wet or muddy they are left untouched. Habitual frequenters of inns often provide themselves with foot coverings to slip over shoes and thus be able to wear them to the apartment. Without them one must don the heelless slippers furnished or go to one's room unshod.—Kansas City Times.

Cleanliness and Cash.

"The day has passed," says the bulletin of the Chicago health department, "when a dealer in foodstuffs can keep a dirty, fly-infested store and hope to hold his trade. That this is true is due to the fact that today every housewife knows that flies carry unspeakable filth on their feet and that they leave it on whatever food they are permitted to come in contact with. And because this is true, the careful, intelligent women are doing their household marketing in clean stores. And, once more, this is why cleanliness counts for both cash and customers."

WHAT DIABETICS SHOULD EAT

Famous Specialist Gives a Safe Diet for Persons With Tendency to That Disease.

Many folk ask what is a safe diet for a person suffering from a tendency to diabetes. Dr. Arnold Lorand of Carlsbad, a famous specialist in diabetes and author of a book on the subject, says that the following foods may be eaten: Milk rice eggs, green vegetables in large quantities, especially spinach; white fleshed fish, cakes made of buckwheat, from which the cellulose has been removed, macaroni, spaghetti, butter, small quantities of rye and graham bread, potatoes (fried or in the form of salad), oyster plant, cauliflower, salads, apples cooked or raw, strawberries, cranberries, huckleberries, oranges and most fruits.

The same authority forbids the following: Sugar, meat, meat soups, lentils, peas and beans (except the soy bean), most of the cereals, white bread, candy, beer and other alcoholic drinks.

If some sweetening be desired in

coffee and tea saccharin may be used, but it should be remembered that this is more than six hundred times as sweet as sugar, so a very minute quantity of it is enough.

Comforting.

The wife of the great botanist beamed at him across the supper table.

"But these," she exclaimed, pointing to the dish of mushrooms that had been set before her, "are not all for me, are they?"

"Yes, Mabel," he nodded. "I gathered them especially for you."

She beamed upon him gratefully. What a dear old husband he was! In five minutes she demolished the lot. At breakfast next morning he greeted her anxiously.

"Sleep all right?" he inquired.

"Splendidly," she smiled.

"Not sick at all—no pains?" he pressed.

"Why, of course not, Archie," she responded.

"Hurrah, then," he exclaimed. "I have discovered another species of mushroom that isn't poisonous."